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RELIGION AND POLITICS.

IT is easy to affirm or admit the necessity of loving God supremely, and of making religion the great business of life; but it is not so easy to give the substantial truths, thus affirmed or admitted, the power which they ought to exert upon our hearts and characters. That religion distinctly asserts her empire over the soul, is as plain as that religion exists; nor will she consent to share her dominion with the most potent rival. Her claims and pretensions she puts forward with the firmness of truth, giving all to understand, that in her transactions among men, there will be neither abatement nor compromise. She may be opposed, and has been opposed, a thousand times by the godless spirit of the world;—the throne which she should honourably fill, may be occupied by a despot of hell's anointing, supported by an aristocracy of pleasures and vanities, and a plebeian throng of unhallowed passions and appetites; but *her right* is *divine*, and she will be able to establish it in the face of assembled worlds;—encroachments may be made upon her territories by the powerful and restless enemies with which she has to contend; but no hand can mar her title-deeds,—they are laid up in the archives of heaven.

The triumphs of religion are marked by a rich moral splendour, which excites the wondering interest of the angels around the throne; and this interest is heightened, from a consideration of the fierce and fiery strife which preceded the first shout of victory. The heart in which religion is now happily enshrined, as in another terrestrial holy of holies, was once the scene of deadly conflict, where truth and error displayed their mightiest energies; while the former, through the power of its God, was every day waxing stronger and stronger. That heart was distressed

with "*wars* and rumours of wars;" at present it enjoys "the *peace* of God which passeth all understanding."

The man who has thoroughly imbibed the spirit of genuine religion, feels himself bound by his own solemn engagement to keep himself unspotted from the world. Devoted to God by the very fact of his Christian profession, he is morally obliged to hate sin and love holiness; to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh; and to obey, in all their purity and spirituality, the commandments of God. The Author of the Bible has set before him certain actions, which bear the stamp of Heaven's infamy;—these, or any the remotest tendency towards them in his heart, he must oppose with the undying power of Christian principle, as he values the approval, and fears the frown of Infinite Holiness. Now being a right-hearted man, he will experience comparatively little difficulty where the line of demarcation between duty and sin is distinct and easily perceptible; but when, under the influence of the distracting agencies which the world brings to bear on the decisions of the mind, he undertakes, as a practical and imperious duty in human conduct, to determine the *relative* importance of actions which are all, to a certain amount, obligatory, it will not be considered uncharitable to insinuate his liability to misunderstand or misapply some of the great principles, according to which he should form and execute his moral judgments. On the contrary, there are seasons in which he himself feels and deplores the decay of spirituality in his heart, and of that supreme love to God, which should, as it were, sway the destinies of his moral being; and he mourns the unhappy ascendancy which worldly interests have gained over his affections, while he is deeply convinced that these interests ought to have been kept in a state of entire subordination. To such Christians, then (and their numbers, we apprehend, are, by no means, inconsiderable), as are in danger of being *entangled* in "the huge drag-net" of the world's politics, or commerce, or agriculture, or in any of its lawful pursuits, we beg respectfully to submit the following considerations:—

I.—The estimated value of the concerns of time is found to increase indefinitely in our minds. We set out in the Christian life with the strong determination to give our earliest, chiefest, and best energies to the service of our God. Such have been the manifestations of his love to our souls, and so commanding the moral influence which his truth has exerted on all the powers of our minds, that we are ready to say, in the triumphant overflowings of our heart's first love to holiness, "this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide until

death." In this state of feeling we are able, in some degree, to sympathise with the "man after God's own heart," when he thus pours forth the tide of religious feeling warm from his bosom,—"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people; I will sing unto thee among the nations; for thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth." With what prayerful anxiety should every Christian cherish the great principle of love to God, in consideration of the trial to which the rank, though often imperceptible, growth of worldliness will put his faith, and all his Christian graces! Are there any followers of the Redeemer so ignorant, as to doubt of the tremendous power with which the world grapples our souls, and binds them with her yoke of iron bondage? A review of the history of religion, or a glance at its present operations, will remove this ignorance, while it may prove the first step in preparing for a vigorous and successful resistance to the persevering inroads of the world. From the king to the cottager, the cares and pleasures of this life, in shapes so countless and diversified, that Proteus himself might well despair of competition, are labouring with untiring perseverance to bring all men under their despotic sway. The humble occupations of the husbandman go on, securing his interest, and attracting his earliest and latest thoughts, until their spell of witchery, causes his neglected soul, as it were, to dwell with the clods of the valley. The mechanic, though he may be unconscious of it, is exposed to equal danger from his trade; and who does not see that the merchant is fearfully liable to be steeped in worldliness, amid the success and anxieties attending his commercial speculations?

II.—The very lawfulness of these pursuits, which some may allege in justification of the conduct of those who are engaged in them, render them peculiarly dangerous to the Christian. The soundness of this observation may be questioned, but we are prepared to illustrate and defend it. When any occupation is obviously sinful, or involves practices which are utterly irreconcilable with the divine law, the man who has any pretension to Christian principle, will shrink from the responsibility of its unhallowed engagements. Perceiving it to be overshadowed with the frown of God, he will not allow a small amount of temptation to bring him into a position where that frown with withering power may meet his guilty conscience. It is other-

wise, however, with a pursuit which is lawful in itself, and which may be honourably followed without the slightest compromise of Christian obligation. We very naturally enter upon such a pursuit, not only free from all apprehension of evil, but committing ourselves to the protection of a kind Providence, and seeking the blessing of the Almighty upon our honest endeavours. In the first instance, it is our purpose, no doubt, to discharge the duties of our situation with fidelity, ever keeping them in subservience to the operation of the faith which purifies the heart, works by love, and *overcomes the world.* But we soon discover, to our sorrow, that we have been inadequately acquainted with the seductive influence of engagements which all must admit to be perfectly lawful. They gain upon our affections—they draw to themselves the desires of our hearts—they abandon their state of subjection, and, forgetting their natural inferiority, they ascend the throne, and usurp unholy authority over every faculty of the mind, and every feeling of the heart. Agriculture, commerce, relations, friends, our country,—all demand a share of our consideration; but it is a delicate point in Christian jurisprudence to assign to each its proper place, and bestow on each attention and care proportioned to its relative importance. The father of a family, for example, feels it to be an imperative duty to provide, according to his means, for those whom God has committed to his care. He accordingly applies his energies to some appropriate branch of business, and prosecutes it with ardour; while the very lawfulness of his occupation, and the conviction, that he is proceeding in accordance with the divine command, do not allow him to harbour the faintest suspicion that this plainly unforbidden channel can convey worldliness into his affections. Now this entire absence of suspicion is obviously as fatal to the vigour of spirituality of mind, as it is favourable to the growth of that remissness in the concerns of religion, which pales the lustre of the light of life, and blights the bloom of our infant immortality. The agency of Satan is never more dangerous than when he transforms himself into an angel of light, and never is more vigilance necessary in our transactions with the world, than when its demands are, in the main, founded in justice, but manifestly become every day increasingly exorbitant. The world is a good servant, but a bad master. The love of the world is a destructive inmate in the human bosom; for if any man love the world, or the things of the world, the love of the Father is not in him. Let Christians beware of the insidious advances of worldly-mindedness, arising out of an over-devotedness to duties and en-

gagements, which, though lawful in themselves, deserve only a moderate portion, and not the whole, of our attention; and let these duties and engagements, instead of arrogating supremacy in the soul, be content with subordination. Our blessed Lord classes immoderate anxiety respecting the world, with surfeiting and drunkenness; and his warning on the subject is peculiarly solemn and impressive. "Take heed to yourselves," says he, "lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and *cares of this life*, and so that day come upon you unawares."—Luke xxi. 34.

III.—In addition to ordinary occupations, there are subjects of public interest which, in turn, threaten to draw the world of mind after them. Some varieties of this kind of influence work upon particular classes or denominations of persons, while others affect entire communities. Of the former, the history of alchymy furnishes a memorable exemplification. "At an early period, the desire of gold and silver grew strong, as luxury increased, and men indulged the hope of obtaining these rarer metals from the more common. At the same time, the love of life led to the idea of finding a remedy against all diseases, a means of lessening the infirmities of age, of renewing youth, and repelling death. To transmute metals, they thought it necessary to find a substance, which, containing the original principle of all matter, should possess the power of dissolving all into its elements. This general solvent, which, at the same time, was to possess the power of removing all the seeds of disease out of the human body, and, renewing life, was called the *philosopher's stone*, and its pretended possessors, *adepts*." It is astonishing what interest the recondite fooleries of alchymy at one time excited in the world. Many great men, in different countries, were among its patrons and promoters; cloistered monks girded up their loins to run in this race of ignorance; and even His Holiness from the chair of St. Peter, cast wistful glances towards the *golden* objects of alchymy. The *philosopher's stone* was the imaginary divinity to which the alchymists bowed down, and on whose altar many of them sacrificed health and strength, body and soul.

Many matters of public interest connected with the dissemination of Christianity itself, show with what facility the human mind can be led away from practical allegiance to its Creator and Sovereign. The religion of Jesus in the hands of his commissioned apostles, and accompanied by the power of his Spirit, awakened the nations from the lethary of ages, turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, and

making ready a people prepared for the Lord. But how soon did the results throughout Christendom attest the awful depravity of the human heart, or the prevalent temptation of Satan, or, more truly, the combination of both! In what manner did the degeneracy, which ultimately prevailed to an alarming extent, receive its hateful commencement? Was it by a broad and bold departure from the faith of the Gospel, or was it not rather by professing Christians concentrating upon matters of trivial moment the undivided energies of the Christian church? This pernicious principle, in the darker years of Popish power, was carried to such idiot lengths, that heaven and earth must be moved respecting the form of a priestly vestment, or the shape of monkish tonsure. It seemed as if the Christians were determined to do more than justify the madness of the Jews in substituting the tithing of mint, and anise, and cummin, for righteousness and the love of God; for the latter in some sort were sheltered by their ceremonial law; whereas the aberrations of the former could quadrate with no code, except the code of Bedlam. Such subjects of public interest are foolish and absurd in the extreme, and at this distance of time we can discern the wide waste of mental energy so disgracefully employed; but let us remember that even when the absorbing power of public interest is derived from its intrinsic importance alone, there is still danger of allowing ourselves to be dragged into its devouring malstroom. This leads us to observe,—

IV.—In the last place, that Christians should guard against an excessive and overweening fondness for the politics of the present day. Not only has the public mind its ebbings and flowings in one channel; but in the lapse of years, its mighty billows "roll on" in a great variety of channels. There are national as well as individual attachments and aversions, which are often governed by the law of self-stultifying caprice. A nation engages in war, for what object it would sometimes puzzle the wisdom of a seer to divine. All is preparation for the battle-field. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, must be all in a state of deadly readiness. The public mind is fired with the love and the admiration of military glory. Every voice is for war: war fills the thoughts by day, and the dreams by night. War is the subject of universal conversation. Men talk of nothing but blood and battery, cannon and carnage, until their hearts are satiated with slaughter, or their pockets drained of resources; and *then* a change comes over the hue of public sentiment. The torch of war is extinguished, and every hand

extends the olive branch of peace! All hearts beat in unison with the song of peace, all lips whisper peace, and all purses declare from the depths of their emptiness, that peace shall last for many generations. How delightful the change! We become pervaded with so inveterate a love of peace, and so pious an abhorrence of bloodshed, that we can look on while one nation is cutting the head off another, and still maintain inviolate our determination to keep the peace! Were nations to give themselves up to the direction of an enlightened and Christian morality, surely their history would not throw up against them so many atrocities—so many characters of deep and indelible disgrace.

What shall we say of the workings of the public mind at the present moment, and of Christian conduct in relation to our passing politics? Do we advise Christians to take nothing to do with the affairs of the State? By no means. Christians, as well as others, have interests to be protected, and duties to perform, in the capacity of subjects and citizens. Why, then, should they shrink from discharging their obligations to their King and to their country? But we would press upon them the same great principle which we have been applying in regard to commerce, agriculture, and the different arts and sciences. At present, the mere legislation of politics appears to the public eye possessed of colossal dimensions. Politics stalks abroad as an autocrat in the empire of public interest, and lords it over the thoughts, and expectations, and anxieties of the multitude. Let Christians execute the political, as well as every other department of duty, with zeal and honesty, under the influence of the command of God; and, instead of being over-solicitous respecting the result of passing changes, let them submissively remember, that the King of kings and Lord of lords ruleth among the sons of men. Let them beware, lest any considerations arising out of secondary causes conceal the great first cause from the apprehension of their minds and the love of their souls: let the revealed views of his majesty and glory fill their thoughts and engage their sweetest and holiest meditations.—"The LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgement are the habitation of his throne. A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up his enemies round about. His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw and trembled. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth. The heavens declare

his righteousness, and all the people see his glory."—Psalm xcvii. 1—7.

WICLIF.

DARE YOU BELIEVE THE PROMISES CONCERNING MISSIONS.

THE progress of Missions, or what is the same thing, of the spirit of the Gospel, has been for some years past such as to rebuke the unbelief of the distrustful church, and to encourage bolder hopes than have yet entered the minds of the foremost leaders in the cause.—There is nothing in the advances of the Gospel, which ought to astonish any body. Shall we be amazed to see what we have been all along asking, and what God has promised? Is it unexpected for the hearts of men to bow to Christ, when the whole course of human affairs, from the first day until now, has been under a powerful guidance to this very end? It is plain that by reason of our doubting, even where belief is a manifest duty, we are unprepared for the great things which the King of Zion intends.

When we look at a dense population of idolaters and unbelievers, walled in by political restrictions and made deaf by hereditary prejudice, we sink into the desponding thought that Christianity cannot enter and operate until after ages of internal change. Such are our feelings, for instance, when we cast our eyes over the Chinese empire. Now in such states of mind as this, we forget that God has expressly declared that the hearts of men are at his control. Nay, he has come down to an explicit specification, that the *king's* heart is in the hands of the Lord, and that he turneth it whithersoever he will. Let us suppose—and stranger things have happened in the history of grace—that it should please God to turn the heart of *the Emperor of China* to the faith of Christ. What an epoch would this be in the missionary annals. It would be at once as if the Great Wall had crumbled down—as if Satan had fallen like lightening from heaven. At once, to this immeasureable, and shrewd, and reading people, the Gospel would come, and a nation would probably be born in the day. We forget in our unbelief, that by a few such sovereign and gracious touches, God could cast shame on all our petty calculations, as to *how long* it would take to convert the world. We forget that in the early ages, the conversion, seeming or real, of princes, usually led the way for salvation of the people. If we enter with

all our heart and soul, with undoubting prayer and unhesitating liberality, into the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature; if as ministers we stir our people, and as private believers, one another, to this great, pressing, indispensable duty; if we take God at his word, and expect the glory which is to be revealed—there is reason to believe that he will meet us with signal, and, as yet, unheard of manifestations. Truth will circulate with electrical speed and power. Hoary systems of anti-Christian rebellion will sink with sudden destruction; and the beautiful church, long denied her privilege by the unbelief of her sons, will open her arms to embrace the Jewish and the Gentile world.—*Presbyterian.*

AMERICAN PREACHING IN ENGLAND.

THE London Eclectic Review for April has an article on Dr. Sprague's book on Revivals of Religion. Prefixed to the English edition, are two essays by the Rev. Messrs. Bradford and James. In the former it is said,

"We have had opportunities of judging of the effects of American preaching upon English hearers; and it is now, I believe, universally admitted, that it is neither so efficient nor so acceptable as that of our own ministers. I mention this without the slightest wish to deprecate the one class or exalt the other. It is here stated simply as a fact. Men whose preaching in America is never without effect, and who can attract the largest assemblies, here are all but powerless, and leave our audiences wondering what it is that makes such preaching so much more powerful in America than in England."

Upon which the Review remarks,

"One obvious reason is, that the American sermons are too intellectual for the majority of an English audience. In America, as in Scotland, the hearers are all educated, and the preacher trusts that he can carry his point, if he convinces the understanding. In England, a preacher to make an impression, must reach the heart, if he can; at least he must touch the feelings. The intellect of numbers is dormant from the want of a better system of national education. A more important reason is, that an American audience is prepared for the preacher. Their revivals have rendered their congregations prayerful. Give an American preacher praying hearers, and we doubt not he will produce abundant effect. We are ac-

quainted with an instance in proof. A congregation in the west of Scotland, struck with a few accessions to their numbers, and fearing that the Spirit of God was withdrawing his influence, commenced a series of prayer meetings for a revival in the church, and especially in the hearts of the young. Their circumstances, in many respects, did not seem prosperous; their minister was laid aside by a severe, and ultimately fatal stroke. An American clergyman who had arrived in Scotland, simply to urge some legal claims, hearing of the illness of the minister, and the distress of the church, though a different denomination, offered his services, and was accepted. His preaching was not considered as peculiar, but the result was unexampled for many years in that part of the country. A revival took place; the prayers of the congregation were fully answered, and the young became especial subjects of this work of the Divine Spirit. The fruits of these conversions are as yet (several years having elapsed) considered as permanent. More were added to the church in a few weeks, than had been joined to it in several years. But the country around was not sufficiently sensible of the blessing. Few turned aside to "behold the great sight." The monuments of divine grace remain, but they remain singular instances of the prevalence of prayer.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

To look back on the changes, the storms, the sad realities of life; to reflect on scenes long remembered and dear, on faces once familiar and loved, but long unseen; to review, in short, as in the vision of a dream, the history of the days which are gone; and not to find some touching incident—some affecting occasion—on which the concentrated thoughts dwell with intensity of feeling,—seems to me impossible. Who, in reviewing a life even of moderate duration, does not feel a tide of recollections rush upon his mind, with interest sufficient to touch all his sensibilities, call up all his sympathies, and oppress his bosom with the sensations which they awaken! Fortunate must he have been, fortunate indeed above the lot of humanity, who, after passing through the vicissitudes into which a few years may have drawn him, can recall no day of powerful and affecting interest, no night of sad and mournful recollection; and to whom the annals of his past existence furnish not a remembrance to which his heart clings with affectionate fondness, or which fills his soul with solemnity and awe.

Many and varied are the trials recorded in the experience of every individual. But of all the events incident to humanity, none is so awfully solemn and affecting as that which calls us to witness the dying moments of a friend. When we see the shadows of death thicken over the face which we loved; and the harbinger of mortality giving indubitable evidence, that the time draweth near when our friend must die; then it is that the heart melts under the pressure of awakened feeling, and every thought is awed with the solemnity of death. There is something irresistibly striking in the chamber where the last enemy is about to do his work. The low whisper, the soft tread, and the stifled griefs of the bereaved; the dim sunken eye, the thin pale lip, and the clay-coloured cheek of the departing, all inspire interest. I once witnessed such a scene; and to those who have shared my feelings, I need not attempt to describe the varied emotions it awakened in my breast.

> "Our sighs were numerous and profuse our tears,
> For she we lost was lovely and we loved her much."

In the August of 183–, when out on a tour through the north of Ireland, I received a letter from her medical attendant, stating his opinion, that a few days would terminate the earthly existence of my dear friend, Miss ———. She had gone on a visit for her health to her brother-in-law's, the Rev. ———, of ———, but had not been long there till she took suddenly ill, and the nature of her disease prevented every expectation of recovery. I hastened my return, trembling lest she who had been

> "My early friend, friend of my evil day,
> Friend in my mirth, friend in my misery too,"

should be in another world before I could be with her, to bid her farewell. As I entered the room where she lay, she looked in my face with one of her accustomed smiles, which, though its sprightliness was gone, was sweet as ever. "Well, E——, are you returned? How did you come?" was all she could say. Her smile faded, and her head again reclined back on the pillow. I gazed for a moment on her faded countenance; a large round drop stole insensibly over my cheek, but I dashed it away unseen. Some strangers being in the room, I was anxious not to betray my emotion.

My limits will not permit me to give any lengthened account of the manner in which she spent the few remaining days of

her life; all was such as becomes the patience, the resignation, and the hope of the Christian. Though her afflictions were severe, she never complained. Not a murmuring breath escaped from her lips. Her mind was in general happy and content; and so resigned was her disposition, that, when asked would she rather recover, she said, she had not *a rather* in the case. And if at any time doubts and fears should disturb the holy serenity of her soul (and what Christian has not had seasons of perplexity?), a word of consolation, or a moment's reflection, would dissipate the cloud; and her hope, like the sun when the shower is past, would shine forth clearer and brighter than before. One evening when sorely distressed in body, and no doubt labouring under the power of temptation, she cried "What shall I do? Must I just *give up?*" Her sister and brothers who scarcely ever left the room, and whose privilege it was to perform those little attentions so grateful to the sick, encouraged her to endure, as seeing him who is invisible; telling her that in all her afflictions Jesus was afflicted; that still he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; and having suffered himself being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted. Such reflections soon quieted her troubled spirit, and she set herself to wait with renewed patience, till her change would come.

I remember another similar occasion; but one of still deeper interest. She had grown considerably weaker, and her disease was making such rapid progress that it was evident to all that "the time of her departure was at hand." We sat gazing on the mild countenance of the sufferer, as if to catch the last glance of her setting eye, and see the last quiver of her lip. Not a word was spoken. But every countenance was an index of the emotion of the heart. An occasional bursting sigh was all that broke the breathless stillness of the scene. After "a short pause of expressive silence," her father, approaching nearer the bed, bended over his dying daughter; and with an earnestness and fervour, which none but parents to their dying children can employ, talked to her of the love of Jesus, of his perfect righteousness, of his promises to be with his people in the time of trouble, and encouraged her to lean entirely upon him; and then, said he, "though your heart and flesh do faint and fail, God will be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever." "And is there no fear?" was her anxious inquiry. And, as she asked the question, a few sickly tears trickled down her cheek. Oh, what a solemn and serious inquiry was that! What earnest anxiety perplexed the soul

which made it! The tremulous accents of the old man's voice are yet quivering in my ear, as he quoted to her the promise, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." "And," added he, "you remember the words of Christ to his disciples, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' And again, 'Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'" "Yes," said she, "and" —— she was going to say something more, but her father continued, "Now, these things are said to every one who believeth in Jesus; who invites all to come unto him." "Well, I will go to him," was her only reply.

During the night her slumbers, as usual, were disturbed and half-hourly. The next day, however, she obtained considerable relief from her sufferings, and her mind was freed from all doubting and fear. She had no rapturous flights, nor transporting visions; but she felt the sustaining power of religion so strong, that she was heard to wonder how it was that her confidence could ever have been shaken; "for," were her own words, "for Christ is a strong hold and I have turned to him." Feeling herself much refreshed after a quiet sleep, she exchanged her bed for a chair at the window. Here, being left alone with her, she spoke to me on subjects high and holy. The impressions which I then felt, and the lessons which I then learned, are, I hope, never to be forgotten. The soft hour of twilight stealing on, suited well the frame of both our minds. She leaned her head upon my knee and rested a while in silent meditation. At length, half rising and looking out of the window, "Is my father not come yet?" she said; again leaning down. Supposing that thoughts of home were pressing heavily upon her mind, I asked her would she like to recover and return to her father's house? She replied, that she left it entirely to the disposal of God; that, cheered by the assurance that he would do what infinite wisdom saw best for her and us all, she calmly waited the result; neither anxiously longing for life, nor desirous of a speedy dissolution. "It is," she continued, "it is, my dear E——, an awful thing to die! but die we *all* must. My situation will soon be your own. I am only going a little before; you shall all soon follow me. It is hard, I acknowledge, to leave all that is interesting and endearing in life; but I feel the cords which bind to life beginning to be loosened: the world has lost its attractions; and, I believe, if it be the will of the Wise Disposer of all events, I would

rather go to himself than return to the boisterous storms of the sea of life!" I attempted to say something, but could not. Oh, how I wished that some one more experienced in the ways of God, and better acquainted with the workings of a departing spirit had been present on the occasion!

She said but little more, either by way of advice, or respecting her own state. She was always remarkable for few words; and this trait in her character was very obvious in the closing scene of her life. In that solemn season she spake more by her conduct than her words. And is not this a language which speaks to the heart, and conveys most impressively the feelings of the practical speaker? A smile, a look, or a tear, can often more powerfully declare our state of mind than all the eloquence of words. Her behaviour better showed her submission than if she had spoken lectures about the duty. Her mildness, gratitude for the smallest attentions, and child-like simplicity, made waiting upon her a satisfying though melancholy pleasure. Her contented resignation, serenity of mind, and even pious cheerfulness, caused agreeable rather than distressing emotions to arise when in her presence. In her chamber, death was disarmed of his terrors and unloveliness; the gloominess of the dark valley was enlightened by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness shining forth through her piety. It was only when away from her presence, and when the mind was left to solitary reflection that the tide of natural feeling burst forth, and the tear was shed at the thought of interrupted intercourse.

When I entered the room the next morning, what a change! The altered appearance of her countenance is as vivid before my mind as the recollections of yesterday. This moment I think I hear her deep and heavy sighs. The sound of her moaning is as distinct in my ear as the day she died. As I bended over her, her breath, sweet though cold as the morning air, her eye mild and blue though shadows were stealing over it, and the clammy coldness of her extremities convinced me that, in a few minutes all would be over.

> We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
> In fervent supplication to the Throne
> Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
> Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
> Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
> An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
> For heaven; and Mercy in her love refused
> Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!

——————the Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.

She fell into a deep and heavy slumber. About half an hour passed, and a deep-breathed shivering sigh dismissed her spirit to a better world. Her father, to satisfy himself that the form over which he hung was lifeless, laid his hand upon her breast; "The struggle has ceased," were his only words, and he closed her eyes.

Death never so long expected, strikes with a solemn awe. A pang of deepest sorrow thrilled our hearts as we gazed on the lifeless clay, with that look of silent stupifying agony expressive of feelings known only to those who have bent themselves over the remains of the beloved dead

Ere yet decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

Our grief, however, was not the sorrow of those who have no hope. If it had its bitterness, it had also its delights: and when its first overwhelming burst was calmed into tender regret, when the sudden anguish over the ruins of all that we most loved, was softened down into pensive meditation on all that she had been in the days of her loveliness, and all that she is in the world of glory, then indeed we felt "the luxury of grief;" and sat down to watch by the corpse of her who had been our friend. I trust it was a night of profit to our souls. Then, if ever, I felt that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

When the first dawn appeared, I opened the window and sat watching its progress. It was a beautiful autumnal morning; it ushered in the Sabbath. Thick heavy mists were floating along the valleys; and away in the East there was a mountain-like range of yellow clouds, over which the rising sun shed his beams upon the hills, and, "lit up all nature into a melancholy smile." While I looked out at the freshness of the day, and thought how often I had enjoyed the sweets of nature in company with the dear departed; how often on such a morning I had travelled with her to the house of God, and when I then turned to the bed which held her body cold and feelingless, and looked at her sweet and holy countenance, on which death was marked in all its lineaments, a desolate and aching feeling hung over my heart. But when I thought, that fairer and holier was the Sabbath which had dawned upon her soul; more bright and

glorious the sun in whose beams she now rejoiced, a calm and holy acquiescence succeeded to its place. "Yes," I said to myself, "this Sabbath shall end, and yonder sun is but for a season; 'he shall yet sleep in his clouds: careless of the voice of the morning;' but the Sabbath of heaven knows no night; 'there the sun shall no more go down, nor the moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.'"

The morning of the funeral presented a scene at once solemn and affecting. Every one knows the mournful pathos of such an occasion; for who has not followed some loved one to the grave? But to follow the remains of innocence, and beauty, thus withered in the bloom of youth, Oh how affecting! We laid her in her mother's grave. The rememberance of other days rushed upon the old man's mind, when he saw the naked bones of the mother of his children. Strong emotion was at work in his breast, but he laboured to conceal it, not on his own account, but that he might comfort those who looked up to him in the hour of need. Though, through the thin long hairs which flowed loose upon his cheek, a tear might be seen stealing from his eye; yet the mastery which he possessed over his feelings, and the resignation of his countenance seemed to say "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It seemed as if a voice of power had said to his troubled soul, "Be still, and know that I am God." His comfort was the assurance, that, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for he believed that as Jesus died and rose again from the dead, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." I believe I am not one of those who are easily made to shed tears; but as the remains of the companion of my youth were lowered into "the narrow house," they fell upon the coffin. I heard the hoarse rattle of the clods upon the lid—I felt it: every sound was eloquent of the vanity of the world, and seemed to say, "be ye also ready."

I leave the above narrative to speak for itself. If it shall show any the value of Christian hope, teach them the necessity of religion and its power to sustain under the greatest trials; and if it shall induce any to live less to the world, and more for eternity, I shall not have written these *interesting recollections* in vain. E.

DON'T UNCHAIN THE TIGER.

WHEN Paine's "Age of Reason" was submitted to Benjamin Franklin in manuscript, he returned it to the author, with a letter, from which the following is extracted; "*I would advise you not to attempt* UNCHAINING THE TIGER, *but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person.*" "*If men are so wicked* WITH *religion, what would they be* WITHOUT *it?*"

The Doctor was once an advocate for infidelity. He informs us, that he was, in his early youth, "a perfect Deist; that his arguments had perverted some other young persons, particularly Collins and Ralph. But in the sequel, when he recollected that they had both treated him exceedingly ill without the smallest remorse; when he considered the behaviour of Keith, another freethinker, and his own conduct towards Vernon and Miss Reed, which at times gave him great uneasiness, he was led to suspect that the doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful."—*Franklin's Life, by Key and Mielke, pp.* 76 *and* 77.

Youth and inexperience exposed even Franklin to be led astray by infidel speculations; but age and observation convinced him, first, that they were unprofitable, and, then, that their propagation would be like the unchaining of a tiger in a populous city. "*Think,*" said he to Paine, in a letter to which allusion has been made, "*how many inconsiderate and inexperienced youth of both sexes there are, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it, till it becomes habitual.*" He traced his own aberrations from the path of virtue, and the vices of the "young persons" "whom his arguments had perverted," to the absence of religious restraints; and when he saw the youth of his beloved country in danger from the same cause, he bore his solemn testimony against the rash experiment, and entreated his reckless friend to burn the manuscript before it should be seen by any other individual.

Reader, if such a man as Franklin, after trying infidelity himself, and carefully noticing its effects upon others, deprecated it as the bane of personal purity, and social order and happiness, are you willing to give it currency in our great republic?

Infidelity, if it prevails in this country, must be substituted for Christianity—for the religion of the Bible. This religion, its enemies themselves confess, is, in its moral code, *holy, and*

just, and good. In its doctrine it is dignified and glorious. In its tendency it is pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. The celebrated Montesquieu remarks, "*The Christian religion, which ordains that men should love each other, would, without doubt, have every nation blest with the best political and civil laws; because these, next to religion, are the greatest good that men can give and receive.*"—*Spirit of Laws, London Ed.* vol. i. p. 72.—The Congress of 1776, speaking of the same religion, declared that it was the "*only solid basis of public liberty and happiness;*" and Gen. Washington calls it "*one of the great pillars of human happiness, and the firmest prop of the duty of men and citizens.*" Having such a religion as this to form the habits of our youth, to guide the councils of our statesmen, to teach our senators wisdom, and prepare our citizens to appreciate the mild institutions of our republic, what could we be profited by exchanging it for Deism or Atheism in any of their modifications?

Infidelity would, indeed, break down our altars, and take away our Bibles and our Sabbaths. It would shut up the Sabbath schools, and turn into the streets more than a million of children who are now taught the pure morality of the Gospel every Sabbath day. It would bereave the living of his rule of life, and rob the dying of his only antidote against the fear of death. But what would it bring us in return? Its doctrines are vague speculations, founded neither on data nor evidence; and in these speculations scarcely any two are agreed. Some believe in the existence of a God, while others deny it. Some believe in the immortality of the soul, while others, with the French philosophers, write over the gates of their cemeteries—"*Death an eternal sleep.*"

Nor have infidels any more certainty, or any better agreement among themselves, in regard to their moral code, than their doctrinal speculations. Lord Herbert and the Earl of Shaftsbury thought that the light of nature would teach all men, without the aid of revelation, to observe the morality of the Bible. Spinoza and Hobbes, two other distinguished infidel writers, the one believing in the existence of a God, and the other denying it, were agreed that *there was nothing either right or wrong in its own nature, but that every man has a natural right to obtain, either by force or fraud, every thing which either his reason or his passions prompt him to believe may be useful to himself.* Blount, another freethinker, supposed that the

moral law of nature justified self-murder; and Lord Bolingbroke, that it enjoined polygamy, and neither prohibited *fornication, adultery, nor incest, except between parents and children.*

But the vagueness and uncertainty of its doctrinal speculations, and the looseness and immorality of its rules of life, are not the only things to be objected against infidelity. Its *tendency*, wherever it has been introduced, has been evil, and only evil.

France, at the commencement of her revolution, in 1789, was an infidel nation. The profligacy of the Catholic priesthood, the demoralizing example of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and the infidel publications of Voltaire and his associates, had produced a contempt for religion through every rank of Society. The people were taught by their *literati* that the Bible was at war with their liberties, and that they could never expect to overturn the throne, till they had broken down the altar. Here THE TIGER WAS UNCHAINED. The lusts and passions of men were set free from the restraints of Christianity; and the bloody history of that devoted nation should convince every man that infidelity has done her no good, but much evil.

Nor was infidelity in France more friendly to individual and domestic purity and happiness than to national liberty. Its prevalence caused such a departure from virtue, that in 1801, when the rage of the revolution was over, and the government settled in the hands of Napoleon, the single city of Paris reported 4881 illegitimate births, 720 divorces, 8258 deaths in poor-houses, and 201 found dead in the streets. In 1803 the prefect of police reported to the grand judges that there were in the same city 657 cases of suicide, 150 of murder, 604 divorces, 155 executions, 12,076 common prostitutes, 1,552 kept mistresses, and 308 licensed brothels. Here we see the effects of infidelity upon a refined and enlightened people. There is no other conceivable cause why France is not this day a mighty and happy republic! There was no cause why 720 wives should be divorced from their husbands, and 4881 daughters become the wretched mothers of illegitimate children in one year, in a single city, but that the restraints of Christianity were taken off from the people.

With such facts before us, let Americans decide, not merely as Christians, but as patriots and fathers, whether they will embrace the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, tendered us from heaven, and sealed by his blood, that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life;" or whether they will become accessory to the crime of banishing the re-

straints of religion and a sound morality from our mighty republic. Religion has made our country free. It has made our sons industrious and moral, our daughters virtuous and happy. Under its purifying influence our land has become the glory of all lands. Shall we now exchange this heavenly religion, which supported our fathers in the struggle for independence, and taught their sons how to be free, for that dark and cheerless system which covered with crime and deluged in blood the only nation by which it was ever publicly embraced?—*American Paper.*

CHARACTERS OF A WELL-REGULATED MIND.

For a well-regulated understanding, and particularly for the application of it to inquiries of the highest import, there is indispensably necessary a sound condition of the moral feelings. This important subject belongs properly to the ethical department of mental science; but we see its extensive influence on the due exercise of the intellectual powers;—and it is impossible to lose sight of the place which it holds in the general harmony of the mental functions, required for constituting that condition, of greater value than any earthly good, which is strictly to be called a well-regulated mind. This high attainment consists not in any cultivation, however great, of the intellectual powers, but requires also a corresponding and harmonious culture of the benevolent affections and moral feelings;—a due regulation of the passions, emotions, and desires;—and a full recognizance of the supreme authority of conscience over the whole intellectual and moral system. Cold and contracted, indeed, is that view of man which regards his understanding alone; and barren is that system, however wide its range, which rests in the mere attainment of truth. The highest state of man consists in his purity as a moral being; and in the habitual culture and full operation of those principles by which he looks forth to other scenes and other times. Among these are desires and longings, which nought in earthly science can satisfy; which soar beyond the sphere of sensible things, and find no object worthy of their capacities, until, in humble adoration, they rest in the contemplation of God. Truths then burst upon the mind, which seem to rise before it in a progressive series, each presenting characters of new and mightier import. The most aspiring understanding, awed by

the view, feels the inadequacy of its utmost powers; yet the mind of the humble inquirer gains strength as it advances. There is now felt, in a peculiar manner, the influence of that healthy condition of the moral feelings, which leads a man not to be afraid of the truth. For, on this subject, we are never to lose sight of the remarkable principle of our nature, formerly referred to, by which a man comes to reason himself into the belief of what he wishes to be true,—and shuts his mind against, or even arrives at an actual disbelief of truths which he fears to encounter. It is striking also to remark, how closely the philosophy of human nature harmonizes with the declarations of the sacred writings;—where this condition of mind is traced to its true source, in the corruption of the moral feelings, and is likewise shown to involve a high degree of guilt, in that rejection of truth which is its natural consequence;—"This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

This condition of mind presents a subject of intense interest to every one who would study his own mental condition, either as an intellectual or a moral being. In each individual instance it may be traced to a particular course of thought and of conduct, by which the mind went gradually more and more astray from truth and virtue. In this progress each single step was felt to be a voluntary act; but the influence of the whole, after a certain period, is to distort the judgment, and deaden the moral feelings on the great questions of truth and rectitude. Of this remarkable phenomenon in the economy of man, the explanation is beyond the reach of our faculties; but the facts are unquestionable, and the practical lesson to be derived from them is of deep and serious import. The first volition, by which the mind consciously wanders from truth, or the moral feelings go astray from virtue, may impart a morbid influence which shall perpetuate itself and gain strength in future volitions, until the result shall be to poison the whole intellectual and moral system. Thus, in the wondrous scheme of sequences which has been established in the economy of the human heart, one volition may impart a character to the future man—the first downward step may be fatal.

Every candid observer of human nature must feel this statement to be consistent with truth; and by a simple and legiti-

mate step of reasoning, a principle of the greatest interest seems to arise out of it. When this loss of harmony among the mental faculties has attained a certain degree, we do not perceive any power in the mind itself capable of correcting the disorder which has been introduced into the moral system. Either, therefore, the evil is irremediable and hopeless, or we must look for an influence from without the mind, which may afford an adequate remedy. We are thus led to discover the adaptation and the probability of the provisions of the Christian revelation, where an influence is indeed disclosed to us, capable of restoring the harmony which has been destroyed, and of raising man anew to the sound and healthy condition of a moral being. We cannot perceive any improbability, that the Being, who framed the wondrous fabric, may thus hold intercourse with it, and provide a remedy for its moral disorders; and thus a statement, such as human reason never could have anticipated, comes to us invested with every element of credibility and of truth.

The sound exercise of the understanding, therefore, is closely connected with the important habit of looking within; or of rigidly investigating our intellectual and moral condition. This leads us to enquire what opinions we have formed, and upon what grounds we have formed them; what have been our leading pursuits,—whether these have been guided by a sound consideration of their real value,—or whether important objects of attention have been lightly passed over, or entirely neglected. It leads us farther to contemplate our moral condition,—our desires, attachments, and antipathies; the government of the imagination, and the regimen of the heart;—what is the habitual current of our thoughts;—and whether we exercise over them that controul which indicates alike intellectual vigour and moral purity. It leads us to review our conduct, with its principles and motives, and to compare the whole with the great standards of truth and rectitude. This investigation is the part of every wise man. Without it, an individual may make the greatest attainments in science, may learn to measure the earth and to trace the course of the stars, while he is entirely wanting in that higher department,—the knowledge of himself.

On these important subjects, I would more particularly address myself to that interesting class, for whom this work is chiefly intended, the younger members of the medical profession. The considerations which have been submitted to them, while they appear to carry the authority of truth, are applicable, at

once, to their scientific investigations, and to those great inquiries, equally interesting to men of every degree, which relate to the principles of moral and religious belief. On these subjects, a sound condition of mind will lead them to think and judge for themselves, with a care and seriousness adapted to the solemn import of the inquiry, and without being influenced by the dogmas of those who, with little examination, presume to decide with confidence on matters of eternal moment. Of the modifications of that distortion of character which has commonly received the name of cant, the cant of hypocrisy has been said to be the worst; but there is another which may fairly be placed by its side, and that is the cant of infidelity,—the affectation of scoffing at sacred things, by men who have never examined the subject, or never with an attention in any degree adequate to its momentous importance. A well-regulated mind must at once perceive that this is alike unworthy of sound sense and sound philosophy. If we require the authority of names, we need only to be reminded, that truths which received the cordial assent of Boyle and Newton, of Haller and Boerhaave, are, at least, deserving of grave and deliberate examination. But we may dismiss such an appeal as this; for nothing more is wanted to challenge the utmost seriousness of every candid inquirer, than the solemn nature of the inquiry itself. The medical observer, in an especial manner, has facts at all times before him which are in the highest degree calculated to fix his deep and serious attention. In the structure and economy of the human body, he has proofs, such as no other branch of natural science can furnish, of the power and wisdom of the Eternal One. Let him resign his mind to the influence of these proofs, and learn to rise, in humble adoration, to the Almighty Being of whom they witness: and, familiar as he is with human suffering and death, let him learn to estimate the value of those truths which have power to heal the broken heart, and to cheer the bed of death with the prospect of immortality.—*Dr. Abercrombie.*

WHITFIELD'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

His Conversion.—When I was sixteen years of age, I began to fast twice a-week for thirty-six hours together, prayed many times a-day, received the sacrament every Lord's Day, fasted myself almost to death all the forty days of Lent, during which I made it a point of duty to go no less than three times

a-day to public worship, besides seven times a-day to my private prayers; yet I knew no more that I was to be born again, born again a new creature in Christ Jesus, than if I were never born at all. I had a mind to be on the stage, but then I had a qualm of conscience. I used to ask people, Can I be a player, and go to the sacrament and be a Christian? Oh! said they, such a one, who is a player, goes to the sacrament. If that be the case, said I, I will be a player; and I thought to act my part for the Devil as well as any body: but, blessed be God, he stopped me in my journey. I must bear testimony to my old friend, Mr. Charles Wesley; he put a book into my hands, called, The Life of God in the Soul of Man, whereby God showed me that I must be born again or damned. I know the place; it may be superstitious, perhaps, but whenever I go to Oxford, I cannot help running to that place where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me. A man may go to church, say his prayers, and yet not be a Christian. How did my heart shudder like a poor man that is afraid to look into his account books, lest he should find himself a bankrupt; yet shall I burn that book, shall I throw it down, shall I put it by, or shall I search into it? I did, and holding the book in my hand, thus addressed the God of heaven and earth: Lord, if I am not a Christian, if I am not a real one, for Jesus Christ's sake, show me what Christianity is, that I may not be damned at last. I read a little further, and the cheat was discovered. Oh, says the author, they that know anything of religion, know that it is a vital union with the Son of God—Christ formed in the heart. Oh what a ray of Divine life did then break in on my soul. I fell a writing to all my brethren, to my sisters; talked to the students—put off all trifling conversation—put away all trifling books—and was determined to be a saint, and then to be a scholar. From that moment God has been carrying on his blessed work in my soul; and as I am now fifty-five years of age, I tell you, my brethren, I am more and more convinced this is the truth of God, and without it you never can be saved.

Entering the Ministry.—I never prayed against any corruption I had, so much as I did against going into holy orders, so soon as my friends were for having me. God knows how deep a concern entering into the ministry was to me. I have prayed a thousand times till the sweat has dropped off my face like rain, that God would not let me enter the church, before he called me and thrust me forth in his work. I remember once in Gloucester,—I know the room; I look up

at the window when I am there; I know the window, the bedside, and the floor upon which I have lain prostrate: I said, Lord, I cannot go, I shall be puffed up with pride and fall into the condemnation of the Devil; Lord, do not let me go yet; I pleaded when at Oxford two years more: I intended to make an hundred and fifty sermons, and thought I would set up with a good stock in trade:—I remember praying, wrestling, striving with God:—I said, I am undone, I am unfit to preach in thy great name; send me not, Lord, send me not yet. I wrote to all my friends in town and country, but they insisted I should go into orders before twenty-two. After all their solicitations, these words came into my mind, "Nothing shall pluck thee out of my hand." These words came with warmth and power to my heart. Then, and not till then, I said, I will go, send me when thou wilt.

THE ORPHAN HOUSE.—Whitfield had erected an orphan house out of funds collected after his sermons. He resolved to convert the orphan house into a college, and for that purpose applied for a charter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The conduct of the Archbishop on that occasion, is a fair sample of the spirit and conduct then manifested by the prelates to dissenters. The Archbishop refused the charter unless the college was confined totally to the the Church of England—and this in Georgia in America; in America! though the broad Atlantic rolled between,—America! then a wilderness, where there were scarcely any of the Church of England; where there were few inhabitants but pagan Indians, or the descendants of those dissenters that had fled from persecution in England.

In reference to this transaction, Whitfield says, "I intend to give up the Orphan-house and all the land adjoining, for a public college. I wished to have a sanction, but his Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury put a stop to it. They would give me a charter, which was all I desired, but they insisted upon, at least his Grace and another did, that I should *confine it totally* to the *Church of England*, and that no *extempore prayer* should be used in a public way in that house, though *Dissenters and all sorts of people had contributed to it.* I would sooner cut my hand off than betray my trust, by confining it to a narrow bottom. I always meant that it should be kept on a broad bottom, for people of all denominations, that their children might be brought up in the fear of God.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow, deep infixed,
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There I was found by One, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

Cowper.

INTERESTING CONVERSION.

THE following is from the "Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830 and 1831;—by James Montgomery, author of 'The World before the Flood,'" &c. The name of the author is a sufficient assurance of its truth.

"Two Mongul Tartar chiefs, from the borders of China, some years ago came to St. Petersburgh, to acquaint themselves with the learning and arts of Europeans; bringing this recommendation, that they were the best and most sensible men belonging to their tribe. Among other occupations they were engaged to assist a German clergyman, resident in that city, in a translation of St. Mattthew's Gospel into their native tongue. This work was carried on for many months, and day by day they were accustomed to collate with the minister, such portions of the common task as one, the other, or all three, had completed; in the course of which, they would often ask questions respecting circumstances and allusions, as well as doctrines and sentiments contained in the book, which, to be faithful interpreters, they believed right to understand well for themselves beyond the literal text. On the last day, when the version was presumed to be as perfect as the parties could render it, the two saisings (or chiefs) sat silent but thoughtful, when the manuscript lay closed upon the table. Observing something unusual in their manner, their friend inquired whether they had any questions to ask. They answered, 'none;' and then, to the delight and amazement of the good man, who had carefully avoided, during their past intercourse,

any semblance of wishing to proselyte them, they both declared themselves converts to the religion of that book. So they proved in the sequel; but with that part of the history, though exceedingly interesting, we have not to do at present. One remark which the elder made, and the younger confirmed, has caused this reference to them.—He said, 'We have lived in ignorance, and been led by blind guides without finding rest. We have been zealous followers of the doctrines of Shakdshamani (the Fo of the Chinese), and have studied the books containing them attentively; but the more we studied the more obscure they appeared to us, and our hearts remained empty. But in perusing the doctrines of Jesus Christ it is just the contrary: the more we meditate on his words, the more intelligible they become, and at length it seems as if Jesus were talking with us.'"

THE MILLER.—SABBATH PROFANATION.

An active and skilful young minister, while engaged under circumstances of the most promising kind in the village of J———, was told of a miller who, with more than usual of a bravery of profaneness, had repelled every attempt to approach him with the subject of religion, and had fairly daunted the hopes and efforts of the few serious persons in his vicinage. Among other practices of sinful daring he uniformly kept his windmill, the most striking object in the hamlet, going on the Sabbath. A little while determined the clergyman in his method of an effort for the benefit of the hopeless man. He undertook the office of going for his meal the next time himself. "A fine mill," began he, as the miller adjusted his sack to receive the flour, "a fine mill indeed! one of the completest I have ever seen." It was nothing more than just; the miller had heard it a thousand times before, and would firmly have thought it, though he had never heard it but once; but his skill and judgment were still gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings conciliated even towards the minister. "But oh!" continued his customer, after a little pause, "there is one defect in it!" "What's that?" carelessly asked the miller. "A very serious defect, too!" "Eh," with a turning up of his face, "a defect that is likely to counterbalance all its advantages!" "Well, what is it?" standing straight up, and looking the remarker in the face. The remarker went on—"A defect which is likely to ruin the mill!" "What is it?"

still heightened on the miller's voice. "And will one day no doubt destroy the owner." "And can't you say it out?" roared the impatient miller. "*It goes on the Sabbath!*" pronounced the minister in a firm and solemn and monitory tone. The astonished man stood blank and thunderstruck; and remained meek and submissive under a remonstrance and exhortation of a quarter of an hour's length, in which the danger of his state and practices, and the call to repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, was fully proposed to him.

What the final result was, we are not informed; but who can doubt—if it has not been his conversion, it will stand forth among one of the most condemning and appalling of his recollections when he comes to lie down on the bed of death, and to stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—*Philadelphian.*

TRUTH RESIDES WITH THE COMMON PEOPLE.

HERESIES have seldom or never taken their rise from the mass of the people. Look at the history, trace the origin of the principal corruptions of Christianity, that have prevailed at different periods, and you will uniformly find that they commenced in the higher classes, among men of leisure and speculation; that they were the product of perverted ingenuity and unsanctified talent. Adapted to subserve the purposes of avarice and ambition, they were the invention of spiritual wickedness in high places. The commonalty, tenacious of the habit of thinking and acting as they have been trained, are slow in adopting novelties, and the last to be misled by the illusions of hypothesis, or the false refinements of theory. Let but the great body of the people be enlightened by the word of GOD, let them comprehend its truths, and imbibe its maxims, and they will form the firmest bulwarks against the encroachments of Popery, as well as every other erroneous and delusive system. It is in a virtuous and enlightened population, and especially in a yeomanry and peasantry, informed and actuated by the true spirit of religion, we look for the security and preservation of its best interests. It was among them that Christianity commenced its earliest triumphs; among them the reformation, began by Luther, found its first and latest friends; as it was in this department of society our holy religion first penetrated, should the time arrive for its disappearance in other quarters, it is here that it will find its last and safe retreat.—*Robert Hall.*

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

JAMAICA.

Favourable Accounts of the Emancipated Negroes.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the accounts of the emancipated negroes which we receive from Jamaica, continue to be of a favourable nature; and we are happy to observe that the statements in the newspapers now begin to be likewise of a favourable complexion, though previously they were of an unfavourable aspect. From the various communications which we have received, it would appear that, in the first instance, every thing promised fair; but after a short time, differences arose on many estates between the managers and the negroes. "Any thing which had the appearance of the negroes standing out for their rights," says one of our correspondents, "the overseers were disposed to consider rebellion. They expected that they should all submit quietly as they used to do; whilst the negroes, on the other hand, are fully sensible of their newly acquired rights, and are anxious to make the most of them." But happily these differences appear now to be in a course of adjustment. Many of the white people and the negroes are coming to a better understanding with one another. They begin to know and to respect each other's rights, and to adopt that course which will best promote each other's interests. Though it would be too much to expect that there will be no instances of differences between the managers and the negroes of particular estates, arising out of the injustice and harshness of the one class, or the jealousy and insubordination of the other, yet we trust that the emancipation bill is in a fair way of working well, and that in combination with the establishment of schools for the education of negroes and the preaching of the Gospel by missionaries, it will, at no distant period, effect an entirely altered state of society in our West Indian Islands.*

HAMPDEN.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. George Blyth, dated December 30th, 1834.

I had no intention of writing to you by this packet, till I learned from a gentleman, lately arrived from England, that the greatest alarm prevailed there, when he left home, as the reports which had been circulated had led to the belief that the island was in imminent danger on account of the supposed rebellious disposition of the apprentices.

I can assure you, that I never saw less appearance of danger or revolt than at present. There are a few alarmists who frighten one

* We received the other day two newspapers from a friend in St. Vincents, and we could not but feel struck with their entirely altered character. The complexion of the very *Advertisements* was changed. There were no sales of men, women, and children; no rewards for the apprehension of runaway negroes; no description of scars, and brandings, and maimings, &c. &c.

another, but the danger about which they talk, and even write to England, is merely imaginary. At one time, particularly during the months of September and October, there was a good deal of misunderstanding between the managers and apprentices, and the most foolish and exaggerated accounts were circulated to the prejudice of the latter. The aspect of affairs has, however, been far more promising for the last two months, as the advocates for the old system themselves confess. Indeed the most sanguine could not have expected the apprenticeship, with all its imperfections, to have worked so well as it is doing.

On the 21st of this month the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the Hampden congregation, when the number of communicants amounted to 400, the place of those who were prevented from being present, by sickness or other causes, being supplied by others from the Cornwall congregation; much order, decorum, and solemnity prevailed. It was a happy, and, I hope, a profitable season. All were attentive, and many of them in tears.

On the 26th, the second of the Christmas holidays, there was, as usual, public worship in the church. The congregation was large, and included several proprietors and other respectable white people. On Sabbath, the 28th, I preached at Cornwall to an overflowing congregation, and in the afternoon at Montego Bay, also to a good audience. The Christmas season has been observed in a far more orderly and becoming manner than I have ever witnessed, since I came to the island. There has been less drunkenness and revelry, and more devotion and seriousness. On the Monday morning all turned out cheerfully to their work, and are employed in their usual labours. The managers in Trelawny and St. James' appear, generally, to have given the usual allowance of fish, sugar, &c. to the apprentices, which has tended very much to produce a good feeling among them. In our neighbourhood, I did not hear of a single instance of these allowances being withheld, and all were cheerful, contented, and happy. Many of them have also been hired to do work on their own time, for which they received reasonable wages. They have found this a great help to their families, and are therefore grateful for the change which has taken place.

I am happy to see that religion seems to prosper throughout the colony. The apprentices are generally improving the additional week-time, and the abolition of the Sunday markets, by attending public worship in much greater numbers than they formerly did; and we can have no doubt, but that the better sanctification of the Sabbath will bring down upon us more of the Divine countenance and favour. Only one of our members has been accused of doing any work on the Lord's day, since the 1st of August, and when brought to an account, he completely exculpated himself. I am glad to learn that we may expect a few more fellow-labourers. May they speedily reach our shores. I should be exceedingly glad if one of them could settle within a few miles to the east of me. There could not be a better opening in the island than the one about which formerly wrote to you.

CARRON HALL.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. John Cowan, from August 1st, to September 1st, 1834.

Friday, August 1, 1834.—This is the first day of freedom to th

negro population of our British Colonies. We observed it as a day of thanksgiving. There was an immense crowd at the church, fully 400 inside, and, to all appearance, as many outside. The text was from the hundred-and-seventh Psalm, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." After service we again met, and sung together several hymns of gratitude. Not wishing to tire them, I addressed to them a few words in conclusion, advising them to make a good use of their privileges, but after I came away, they themselves resumed the singing. The day has been one of joy and gladness to all; and of many of them I can say, that they are entering on their duties as apprentices with feelings of happy thankfulness. It is a singularly pleasant circumstance, that so many of them chose to spend this day in attending to the duties of religion.

Sabbath, 3.—There was even a greater crowd here to-day than on Friday. I have never seen any thing like it since I came to this quarter. Preached from the fifth commandment, and from 2 Cor. vii. 2, "Behold now is the accepted time," &c. We had a collection afterwards, which amounted to £10 currency. After service, I began to teach them the hymn, "The year of jubilee is come." The time has indeed been a religious festival, and will long be remembered by us.

4th.—To-day all the apprentices in our neighbourhood, and as far as I have heard elsewhere, have turned out to their work as usual, notwithstanding the assertion so often repeated by the enemies of emancipation, that they would do no work after the first of August.

6th.—Visited Tremalesworth, where I had a much larger meeting than usual. Addressed them from that passage, "We are your servants for Christ's sake." The people on this property are generally doing well, but some are behaving in a manner not very creditable to them, and I fear it will be found necessary to bring some of them to punishment, as they are setting an example of insubordination to the other people.

At Petersfield, catechized the children as usual. We have now begun to teach them all to read. One class is learning the alphabet, and is taught by the daughter of the proprietor. The other class can read a little, as the children in it have been in the habit of coming over here sometimes in the evenings for a lesson.

Sabbath, 17.—The morning was rainy, but the attendance was as good as on former days. Preached from the sixth commandment, and lectured from Mark xxiii. 15—22. After dismissing the congregation, examined several candidates, and conversed with some applicants. There were upwards of 100 children in the Sabbath-school. This is our harvest here, when we can look around and see so many coming within reach of the Gospel, and, to appearance, pressing into the kingdom of heaven. Such a day as this has been with us, reminds me of the time when Christ, seeing the multitude, was moved with compassion for them, and said to the disciples, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." No doubt he looks with the same compassion on the multitudes who, in this land, are flocking from all quarters to hear his Gospel. We are beginning to feel very much the want of a larger church. We have accommodation for no more than 340 hearers, and it is pitiable to see so many standing or lying down in the sun outside the door of the church. I made a proposal to the people to enlarge the church on the ground, trusting that

they would support me in the undertaking. The proposal was met with a hearty welcome, but the greater part of my people are very poor, and not able to do much.

Sabbath, 24.—The day was so excessively wet that I had no expectation of a congregation. However, the people came amidst the rain, so that by the time for service, there was scarcely an empty seat in the church. I would fain look upon this as a proof that the people are sensible of the duty of regularly attending public worship. Preached from the seventh commandment, and from Matt. xxiii. 23, to the end.

September 1.—With respect to the working of the emancipation bill, I may here put down some facts which have come under my notice. In the bill and in the governor's proclamation explaining it, the negroes were told that they were to be free on the first of August, and then, that they were to be bound as apprentices. In this there seemed to them such an inconsistency, that their minds have been unable to reconcile the seeming discrepancy. Many estates, in St. Anne's parish, have struck work, and I have no doubt this has been the cause of it. Some even of the most sensible negroes have been unable to discover the object of the apprenticeships, and I must confess it requires some ingenuity to point out an intelligible reason for them. Some of them say, "The king no fool to make them apprentices who have learned their trades already." The difference made on different estates with regard to the indulgences formerly granted to the negroes; some of the managers giving them cooks, watchmen for their grounds, nurses for their young children, medicine, &c. while others do not, has also been a very unfortunate thing. These things will doubtless be settled by-and-by, but in the meantime they have caused considerable discontent. The way in which the forty and half hours' labour per week was to be divided, was also left unsettled. The plan generally adopted at first, was to make them work 9 hours a-day, and 4½ on Friday; but the governor in his last proclamation has recommended that they work 8 hours a day, and 8½ on Friday, a most extraordinary recommendation, as they are thus deprived of their half Friday once a week, while the additional hour each day, is of little advantage to them in working their grounds. The change of the hours of work is in itself calculated to be hurtful, for at this time the negroes are naturally jealous that it is done to their disadvantage. Notwithstanding these things, the overseers and apprentices generally have done themselves great credit. Indeed, I have been astonished at the rational way in which they have acted. There is evidently an overruling Providence guiding matters for the good of the country. This being the case, we will fear no evil.

INDIA.—RUTH JATRA, POOREE.

(*From a Correspondent of the Calcutta Christian Observer.*)

The Ruth Jatra, which is celebrated at Pooree every year, commenced on the 19th of June 1833, with all the uproar and bustle attendant on a Hindoo festival. The Jatra, which usually takes place at the end of June, and sometimes even so late as the middle of July, was this year celebrated unusually early, on account of which, and the probability there was of the rainy season not commencing so soon, it

was likely there would be a much larger assembly of people than what took place during the former year. The roads leading to Juggurnath, for some days previous to the Jatra, were thickly strewed with pilgrims anxious to get a sight of Maha Probhoo (Juggurnath). Some were seen moving gently on, riding in native carriages of all descriptions, and others on tattoos of all dimensions; but by far the greater part of these worshippers of the far-famed idol of Pooree were humble pedestrians, of all ages and descriptions, who after many a long coss through sand and sun were bending their footsteps to what they were taught to consider the presence of Deity, the place of salvation.

At about three o'clock, on the 16th, Juggurnath, Subuddra, and Bulbuddra, the three idols, who were drawn in the cars prepared for their reception, were taken from their habitations. This is a part of the ceremony not much calculated to impress the European beholder with much veneration for this imagined divinity; the noise, the confusion, swearing, shuffling, and sometimes fighting, which usually attend his godship's first appearance for the year, assume the most ludicrous, and at the same time, disgusting appearance that can well be conceived of by the mind of man—any thing but what appears to us to be proper for a religious ceremony. The idols, after being placed upon the ruths, remain for a time till towards evening, when an immense multitude of men commence dragging the ruths, amidst a horrid dissonance of native music and shouting from the vast concourse of people present. The cars are immense masses of wood clumsily put together, united to immense ropes for the purpose of drawing. On the sides were carved various figures, supposed to represent different Hindoo deities and different parts of Hindoo mythology. These were of the most unfinished description, painted over with paint of different colours. The cars are lofty, and in every part crowded by people, apparently of the respectable classes, who consider it no small honour to ride with Juggurnath. Not less than hundreds of these people were thus riding upon each of the ruths. The plainness of the lower part of these machines is amply made up by the magnificence of the canopies, which were composed of English broad cloth. Juggurnath's canopy was yellow, and tinselled with gold and silver; that of Bulbuddra was purple and scarlet, each tinselled with gold and silver, but not so splendid as the first. Round the body of the canopies were Indian silks of various figures.

The ropes by which the whole are drawn are as big as the cables of our ships of war; they are perhaps from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards in length. The writer only gives a rough guess; for an exact admeasurement in the midst of such an uproar, is seldom thought of by any person. Some thousands of men, of the farmer caste, are retained for the purpose of drawing these famed divinities in their stately cars, if not to the edification yet much to the amusement of the vast assembled multitudes. These people are rewarded for their pious exertions with pieces of land, rent and taxes free, or at very reduced rates. This was contradicted rather smartly by a Calcutta journal last year, but for public information it may be now said, that on the spot every one says it is so, and nobody says it is not so. It may therefore be presumed, that the statement stands on some tolerable foundation, notwithstanding the gratuitous denial referred to. How far the close connexion of a Christian government, with the filthy

and vile pollutions of Pooree idolatry, is just, or even moral, I shall leave others to judge; the object of these lines is simply to narrate a few of the precious scenes at the Jatra.

Whilst one of the ruths was moving slowly along, a stream of people, resembling a current going in an opposite direction, were seen running, each person carrying a green bough to meet the other car, which soon began to follow in the same way. All the idols are taken to a small temple, about a coss distant, where they are taken down, and after remaining nine days, they return again to the greater temple, and are again lodged in the former habitation. Amongst the people, we saw several elephants, surmounted by European ladies and gentlemen. The Hindoos seem much flattered by these attentions of the *saheb-lok* coming to give their salam to Juggurnath; and when they are told that this is all curiosity, they say, Why should they often come, if it be not to Pujah kurree, and Durshon kurree (to worship and obtain a sight of the image)?

Amongst the multitudes, two European missionaries and some native assistants were seen at different periods of the Jatra, distributing tracts and the Scriptures, and denouncing idolatry. They as being opposed to the reigning superstition were looked upon with less favourable eyes, and received in many places but a moderate reception. The people usually received the books with much eagerness, but many were remarked making but a sorry use of them. Several were torn up in the presence of the missionaries with manifest scorn and contempt. It is however to be hoped, that many of these silent messengers of salvation will be read; and that they may be blessed to the readers, is the ardent wish and prayer of him who writes these lines:—that instead of Juggernath, they may worship him who is the sinner's friend, the hope of salvation. There were but few cases of Cholera, perhaps not more than from fifty to a hundred. The vultures and dogs found but little prey during the first days of the Jatra. It is horribly disgusting to see these filthy creatures gnawing mangled bodies scattered over the sand; it operates powerfully on the nerves. At the best of times Pooree at the Jatra is a stinking and filthy place, but it is so more or less in proportion to the mortality and number of people present. The writer heard from the missionaries who were there at the Jatra of 1825, so famous for the destruction of life, that one of the tanks at the entrance of the town was completely stuffed with bodies dead of Cholera; and such was the horrid stench from the putrid carcasses, that it was almost insufferable. The weather during the first four days of this Jatra was dry, which enabled most of the people to leave the town. This is the reason for the diminished number of deaths amongst the pilgrims. Very many of these deluded people will, however, be overtaken by the disease, before they reach home; and many, very many, will fall to rise no more, till the solemn day of judgment shall awake the sleeping nations. The addresses delivered from the cars to an assembly of about 100,000 were represented as the most filthy and polluted, such as none can write or read, whose mind is not earthly, sensual, and devilish. This language is delivered in the presence of the Deity! How debased must a people be, where such language could be delivered with impunity; to say nothing of the religious ceremony: and how liberal, or rather how indifferent alike to decency and morality must they be, who can deliberately plead for supporting such an enormous mass of abomination.

The pilgrim tax is said to amount this year to about forty or fifty thousand rupees; this, if correctly stated, is a small sum. About the second day of the Jatra, an opulent Hindoo gave 700 rupees for the benefit of those who were waiting at the gate, unable to pay the tax. The number thus waiting and thus admitted was about 10,000, who were in the environs of the town. This munificent gift, well applied, might have been of the greatest use; it will give the man indeed a name amongst his people, and this perhaps was the motive; for of what use could be a sight of these blocks of wood or this visit to a filthy place like Pooree!!!

Rather an interesting looking young Bengalee, speaking good English, who had been four years in the Hindoo college, appeared amongst the people; he seemed anxious to say a word to Juggernath; he commenced disputing with an Oryah Missionary, and seemed determined to plead for Hindooism as it was. The manner of the young man was rather suspicious; for, upon being pressed to answer the question, whether that idol was the creator of the world, he laughed heartily and ran off. He abused Ram Mohun Roy, and praised Mr. De Rizzio: he said that he had read the Bible and other English books; he appeared far gone in infidelity; but what he was it is not easy to say; this is certain, he was not much the better for what he had learnt at college. May this idolatry soon have an end, and here in this place of pollution may His name and worship be acknowledged, "who gave himself for us, to redeem from all iniquity, and to purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good work."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christian Education the Foundation of National Prosperity. A Sermon preached to the Belfast Sabbath-school Union on the 1st of February, 1835, *by the* Rev. JAMES MORGAN.

Mr. Morgan has selected for his text Proverbs xiv. 34, "*Righteousness exalteth a nation.*" His great object throughout the discourse is "to consider Sabbath-schools in their influence upon national character, and consequently upon national prosperity." After a distinct and Scriptural statement of the doctrine contained in the text, he proceeds to the exposure of certain "defective resources" of national greatness, with a view of preparing for the clearer elucidation of his subject. These "defective resources" are such as *good government, commerce, literature, &c.* which Mr. Morgan admits to be excellent *in* themselves, but shows to be insufficient *of* themselves to secure the true greatness of the community. This part of the Sermon contains many statements and illustrations which are well worthy of a careful perusal. Nor is the second division less interesting, in which the author ably points out "the suitableness of the agency employed by Sabbath-schools to produce and promote that righteousness which exalteth a nation." We hope and trust, that under the divine blessing this Sermon will have the desired effect of stirring up teachers and superintendents to a still more vigorous and efficient working of the important machinery which Providence has put into their hands. We observe with pleasure that any profits arising out of the sale of the Discourse will be handed over to the Sabbath-school Union.

"I DIE DAILY."

When on my pillow'd couch I lay
Each night this weary head of mine,
And think upon the by-gone day,
Its tangled thread of thought untwine,
I seem another life to leave,
And born at morn to die at eve.

Each day, O Father, is a life,
Each the great whole's epitome,
With passion stirr'd, with action rife,
Prank'd with capricious pain and glee.
Hours fly for years, nor growing age
Lacks here its monitory stage.

Morn from thy hand's renewing power,
Brings me as from the womb again,
Fresh as the babe in natal hour,
Unsoil'd as yet with worldly stain.
My heart is calm, my breast is clear,
And lively to thy voice, my ear.

Then noon, like manhood, bears along,
Ah! far from innocence and home,
To push amid the worldly throng,
'Mid scenes of bustling guilt to roam;
And toil and care, and guile and sin,
O'erpower thy voice with deafening din.

Then Eve, meet type of mellowing age,
'Mid dying sounds, and growing calm,
Calls me to home, and musing sage:
Cool as her dews, thy Spirit's balm
Pours on my fever'd heart, and full
Thy voice on ears no longer dull.

Then Night, like death, as in the grave,
Lays down my aching head once more;
Blessing the bounteous hand which gave,
Praying the taker to restore,
I close upon the world my sight,
And sink amid surrounding night.

Great Giver of this mortal breath,
Which thou hast roused again to sing,
Oh through a daily life and death,
Conduct me still, Almighty King!
Death to some sin, my shame of yore,
Life to some grace, unfelt before.

Rectory of Valehead.

J. Wilson, Printer, 70, High street.